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now exposed to human curiosity. The contents of the others are still unknown ; but there is every reason to believe that if explored, they would be found similar in their nature, and not inferior in rude magnificence to that of which we are about to give a description.

This extraordinary monument or pyramid, which is now, as the learned antiquary, Governor Pownal, truly observed, but a ruin of what it originally was, covers two acres of ground, and has an elevation of about 70 feet ; but its original height was not less than 100 feet, as it has been used for ages as a stone quarry, for the making and repairing of roads and the erection of buildings, &c., in the neighbourhood. It is formed of small stones, covered over with earth ; and at its base was encircled by a line of stones, of enormous magnitude, placed in erect positions, and varying in height, from 4 to 11 feet above the ground, and supposed to weigh from ten to twelve tons, each. Of these stones, ten only remained about fifty years back; and one has since been removed. About a century ago, there was also a large pillar stone, or *stele*, on the summit of the mount, now also destroyed. These stones, as well as those of which the grand interior chamber is built, are not found in the neighbourhood of the Pyramid, but have been brought hither from the mouth of the river Boyne—a distance of seven or eight miles.

The interior of the tumulus was first explored about the year 1699, when a Mr. Campbell, who resided in the neighbouring village of New Grange, in carrying away stones to repair a road, discovered the entrance to the gallery, or passage leading into the chamber.

This entrance was about 50 feet from the original side of the Pyramid, and is placed due south, and runs northward. The length of this passage to the entrance of the chamber, is about 58 feet; its breadth at the opening, 3 feet, and its height, 1 foot 6 inches. At the distance of about 18 feet from the entrance, the passage gradually narrows till it reaches a stone which is laid across in an inclined position, and which seems to forbid further progress. At this point the passage is narrowed to one and a half foot in height and breadth. Persons of moderate size, however, can overcome this obstacle by turning on their sides and edging their bodies round by the assistance of their elbow and foot. This difficulty passed, the gallery presents no further obstacle, as it immediately expands again, to the width of 3 feet, and to a height of 6 feet; which gradually encreases to 10 feet 6 inches at the entrance of the Dome.

The chamber is an irregular circle, about 22 feet in diameter, covered with a dome of a bee-hive form, constructed of massive stones, laid horizontally, and projecting one beyond the other, till they approximate, and are finally capped with a single one: the height of the dome is about 20 feet; the chamber has three quadrangular recesses, forming a cross—one facing the entrance gallery, and one on each side. In each of these recesses were placed a stone urn, or *sarcophagus*, of a simple bowl form, two of which remain. Of these recesses, the east and the west are about 8 feet square ; the north is somewhat deeper. The entire length of the cavern, from the entrance of the gallery to the end of the recess, is 81 feet 8 inches.

The stones of which the entire structure consists, are of great size: those which form the lintels or roof of the gallery, are but six in number; and, of these, the first is twelve feet four inches long, the third eighteen feet, and the fifth about twelve feet; the breadth of these stones is not less than six feet. The tallest of the upright stones forming the entrance to the recess represented in the engraving, is seven feet six inches in height, and its companion seven feet. The vase or urn within this chamber, is three feet eight inches in diameter ; that in the opposite chamber is displaced from its supporter : these urns are of granite.

A great number of the stones within the chamber, as well as in the gallery, are carved with spiral, lozenge shaped, and zig-zag lines ; and in the west chamber there are marks which have been supposed to to be an alphabetic inscription; but, as we are persuaded, without reason.

To this general description we have only to add, that on the first examination of the interior of the sepulchre, a pyramidal or obeliscal stone, six or seven feet in height, is said to have stood in the centre, near which the skeletons of two human bodies were found ; and that about the same period, two gold Roman coins were discovered on the *top* of the Mount—the one of the elder Valentinian, and the other of Theodosius.

This most ancient, and, though rude, most magnificent monument, has been described and illustrated by Molyneaux, Harris, Pownall and Ledwich, all of whom, unwilling, apparently, to allow the ancient Irish the honor of erecting a work of such vast labour and grandeur, concur in ascribing it to the piratical Danes, who infested the island in the 9th and 10th centuries. We are well aware that the Danes as well as all the other branches of the great Scythian stock, raised large sepulchral Mounds ; but where in the north of Europe does there exist a monument of the kind, to rival this and its companions, on the Boyne ? And is it likely that Danish colonies, in a country in which they had never a secure settlement, would raise monuments exceeding in grandeur any which existed in their own country ? Or if they might, is it to be believed that tradition would be silent, or that our annals, which are so minute in recording the works as well as deeds of those lawless robbers would preserve no memorial of so vast a labour ? No ! it is to the anciently civilized south of Europe, not the barbarous north, that we must look for the prototypes of those grand monuments of the dead; which, equally, with the brazen weapons and vessels, the cyclopean forts, and other remains, identify the ancient inhabitants of Ireland with the most ancient Egyptians and the Greeks of the heroic times. The arguments of those learned men above alluded to in support of their hypothesis, are puerile, and scarcely deserve serious notice ; we are not without historic evidence to prove that the Danes, so far from being the erectors of the monuments on the Boyne, were as might be more rationally expected,, their destroying plunderers. The limits, however, allotted to a single paper, in our little Journal, will not allow us now to enter on this investigation with the copiousness which the subject merits and requires ; but we shall return to it speedily, with other wood-cut illustrations, indispensably necessary to our purpose. We must not, however, conclude without acquainting our readers that the very able wood-cut prefixed, which is the best illustration hitherto given to the public of any portion of this venerable monument, is engraved from an original drawing, made expressly for our Journal, by Mr. Nicholl, of Belfast, a young artist of undoubted ability, whose talents, we are persuaded, only require the fosterage they merit to make them, ere long, reflect honor on our country.

P.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Why are the once lov'd Dead forgotten soon ?
Not that they leave no pledge to memory—
Alas ! they leave too many a loveless void.

Their path no more is intertwined with ours,
And self-love so abjures them ;—They, no more,
Can cheer us on the way we love to tread :
And they are gone where thought loves not to follow.
Think we but of them, and there straight arises
A silent, ghastly, and portentous instinct
That clings to nature and the light of day—
A swift life-loving fear. And thus, alas !
We give new terrors to the thing we dread.
Casting a silence on the still, dark grave,
That makes it yet more still, and yet more dark,
And yet more dreadful. Who can bear to be
So blotted from the heart, and so dismissed
To blank oblivion ; to be shuddered at,
And named in whispers, as a fearful thing ;
Turned to a silent horror, and erased
From most familiar lips, and eyes, and hearts ?
Alas ! such mournful death, in love's fond records,
Is all death's terror to the noblest hearts.

And yet, I speak not of that silent grief
With which affection sanctifies the tomb
Of buried love,—shrinking from names too dear,
As from the painful touch of heart-strings broken ;
The breast is hallowed where such memory dwells.
Grown purer in its love-devoted shrine—
Pure, bright, but, ah ! too mournful if it make
Earth's passing sorrow a perpetual guest,
A silent seeker in the vaults of death,
Looking in this low earth for those in heaven.

Seek we the faithful Dead with Christian trust,
Nature will shrink—but, then, let love return
And shew due honor to departed love—
Even at the tomb.—Go look upon the grave,
Death keeps not there—but Spring hath shed sweet flowers—

The pure, fair symbols of those brighter births,
Souls born to life eternal, from the tomb—
The shadowy portal to the courts of heaven,
Even as the Faithful met in days of yore,
Where Saints and Martyrs from life's warfare rested—
And of their virtues, and their deeds of love,
Held calm and sage discourse—even at the tomb,
Circling it round with solemn reverence—
Gathering not fears, but hopes;—and so they found
No terror in the grave—but love and peace,
And the sweet awe that unseen glory sheds.—
So let us visit our departed friends,
As at the gate of their eternal home;
And ring it round, as they who wait without,
'Till the stern Porter lets them in to joy.

J. UU.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF WILLIAM PENN.

MR. EDITOR—In turning over your Twenty-third Number, I met with an interesting detail, connected with an individual, whom a late noble and legal punster would have considered a very fit subject for notice in a PENNY Magazine. This circumstance reminded me, that I had access to the original of the subjoined letter, which I now place at your disposal. In the room where I write, hangs a small print, reduced from a well-known one which represents the enlightened founder of Pennsylvania, concluding his treaty with the Indians. Its frame is veneered with slices of the identical elm under which the treaty was signed, procured by the late Captain John Hamilton, whose family resided on the spot.

Ballitore, 25th Jan. 1833. G. D

TO AMOS STRETTELL.*

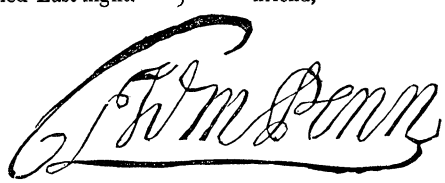
London, 8th, 11 mo.. 1780.

DEAR & OBLIDGEING FFRD.

Thy Afflicting, yet very kind letter, gave that blow to my Spirit, which for some time I have not been Able to Lecover Myself, For I have Lost a great ffriend, and the Church a great Member, his parts tho' plain were Masculine and Strong, his Integrity Incorruptible, his ffriendship firm & his Zeal & Love for Truth always ffresh and Tender, a good, plain, pious & useful Man. O! My Dr. ffriend, may I wish to find so Able & so Compassionate A ffriend In Eng: Ireland, or America. Without Offence? I have Lost too soon, & hope those my Sincere ffriends That Think with me so, Will please To still pitty & help me, who have neither been bred nor us'd To help myself; but have my Dr. Brethren In some messure. This suddain great turn in my Affairs must hasten my Journey for Ireland, unless my Able Corke ffriends will please to make it useless & save me so severe a Journey as the present season if it continues will make Mine, & the more difficult for the weak Circumstances my poor Wife is under, tho' I bless God she rather increases her Strength, and almost Longs to see that too much Dispised as well as hard used Country. I desire thee to bestow on me a more ample Acct. of thy Brothers fframe of spirit, and concerns., if thou pleasest, & what his Dr. & Sweet Wife purposes to do; also I beg of thee to lett the ffriends of Corke know, that the Money I drew is to pay the Interest of a morgage 4 or 5 years old to my Son Aubrey, that if not pay'd, he may enter upon the Western Estate of above 400*l* p. an. which must not be; And this thy Brother knew as I writ to Tho. Wight when I drew the Bill of 1000*l*: & indeed I had never drawn it, had not the Arrears (which thy Brother tould me would Amount to 2000*l*, last November) been the Method proposed to me by him for the payment of it. But if the ffriends that advanced that thousd. pound will expect it out of present and growing Rents, I shall be postponed for my Bread, for I do assure thee I now borrow Money to be able to put it into my Children's mouths, & tho' I think to Write to ffriends of Corke on this subject, that they would now & and then let me have fifty or an hundred pounds, whilst they are a paying off for my subsistance (which I shall take for a great kindness) yet I intreat thee & my Dr. ffriends in & about Dublin to write to them, such as they know G. Rooke T. Wilson &c. that they would pleace to Receive their Money with some tenderness to my Circumstances; if they fear a loss by my Death if I live not till they be pay'd, my Son Penn will secure them. And now give thy Dr. Sister Cuppeege mine and my Wife's very Dr. Love for we are deeply concern'd in her Affliction, & I fear least she Looks upon me (by my concerns he so heartily espoused) as an Accessary to her unspeakable Loss, tho' I fear he made a little too much hast when he Returned, for he rode above 40 Miles a day & often Complain'd of his Loyns to my Man that waited on him to Chester, Dr. Amos let me hear from thee & that freely & largely and as soon as may be. So with Dr. Love to all Brethren & ffriends (& hoping thy Dr. Child is better) I close end.

Poor Edwd. Hustwell was buried Last night.

Thy affect. & ffaithfull ffriend,



* There is no address but an indorsement, which has foiled some cunning decipherers. It appears to be "Brother Strettel." However the Christian name *Amos* occurs in the course of the letter, and the surname *Strettel*, is of ancient state and respectability in the Society of Friends.

BISHOP OF ROSS.

The siege of Clonmel in the year 1650, is one of the most memorable in the annals of Ireland. Hugh O'Neal, a spirited young man, with twelve hundred provincial troops maintained the town, in so gallant a manner, that Cromwell's temper, arts, and military strength, were fairly put to the test. Ormond, it is true, did every thing in his power to succour the besieged, but with little effect: Boetius M'Eagan (Baothghalach M'Aodhagan, as it is written in Irish), the Roman Catholic bishop of Ross, was particularly active in collecting, animating, and leading on the remains of the troops that Cromwell had put to flight in different engagements. This unfortunate prelate, who might well be called the soul of his party, at length fell into the hands of Lord Broghill, one of the ablest of the parliamentarian generals. His Lordship knew the value of his captive, and prudently resolved to turn a man, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, to the greatest advantage. He knew that the influence of his prisoner over the loyalists was unbounded; and that a few words from him would have more effect than all the artillery he had collected. His Lordship therefore offered him his life on condition that he would exercise his authority with the garrison of a fort called Carrickdrogid near the field of battle: he promised to use his *influence*, and so he did; for being conducted to the fort, he conjured the garrison in the name of Heaven, their religion, love of country, and the spirits of those who had fallen in support of all that was dear to them, to maintain their post, and to bury themselves in its ruins, before they would yield it up to an implacable enemy. As soon as he had done, he turned round, looked on Lord Broghill with a smile of complacency, and desired to be led to the scaffold: he was accordingly executed on the branch of a tree, within view of the fort. Coxe and Leland, in their Histories of Ireland, take notice of this circumstance with the cold indifference of an annalist; nor did they think it worth their labours to record even the name of a man who acted so gallantly from principle, and who undauntedly sealed the cause he espoused with his blood.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.—A principal characteristic by which man is distinguished, is the faculty of growing wiser by experience. Every other race of animals seems destined to remain for ever, nearly what it was at its first formation, while human creatures, instructed and improved by the lessons of their predecessors, bequeath, in their turn, to those who follow them, the precious legacy, not only of their wisdom, but of their folly.—*Chenevix on National Character*.